

THE DEAD OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.—There was another and a costlier freight sunk with that hard-earned gold,—one which no insurance company can make good, and the force of which cannot be broken by being shared of strangers—the freight of human life. Could the unwritten history intermeasured in that naked list of the lost passengers be written out, we should see that prospects and hopes, brighter and more cherished than all that glittering gold, were there suddenly buried. The young man whom the hope of ministering to the declining years of venerable and beloved parents had sustained in his long exile and through his weary search for gold—the husband who wrought early and late for a little distant flock—the invalid, broken in health and spirit, returning home to die,—and the merchant flushed with long and successful adventure,—all, when just on the threshold of their long-cherished plans, were separated from them by that cold, thick wall of water. Such events have a voice to business men, and one so distinct as to be

and even above the roar of traffic, admonishing them of the uncertainty that mingles in the best laid plans, and the feebleness that enters their strongest tenures,—*True, after.*

170 It is said that in consequence of the reform brought by the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, that city has been governed during the past year at an expense of about \$250,000, against an average expense the previous year of *one million five hundred thousand dollars*, six times as much as it now costs. There was a rumor lately that some of the exiles were about to return, upon which some two thousand of the Vigilance Committee boys were under arms, awaiting their arrival. But they didn't come. The legal proceedings arising from the action of the Committee appear to have been dropped.

AN INFREQUENT DENTIST.—About thirty years, since a popular D. D., the pastor of the principal Congregational church in a New England town, had the misfortune to knock in a whipl handle against a front tooth and

took it short off. The result was that he could not speak distinctly enough to be understood. It was Saturday, and there was no dentist nearer than Boston. Being of a mechanical turn, he got a file and a bit of ivory, filled out a tooth to match the rest, fastened it in with a pivot, and preached the next day, making the circumstances, we believe, the foundation for an apology for repeating a sermon he had delivered before. Ten years afterwards, he showed us that tooth, still safe and sound in his head.

FATAL FALL.—An Irishman known in this vicinity as "Big John," came to his death on Sunday night, the 24th inst., in a singular manner. On Saturday he was unwell, and went from the East part of this town to Warren Village to procure medicine. On the afternoon of Sunday he started from Warren for home. He was found, on Monday morning, on the railroad track near Benton line, dead. On examining his person there was found a pile of medicine in his vest pocket, and in his trousers pocket a broken bottle. John had continued to run. It is supposed

While waiting on the track, he stumbled and fell from a small culvert bridge, and in falling broke the bottle in his breast-pocket. The broken bottle hit his throat through the lower part of his abdomen, severing the iliac artery, from which he bled to death. We learn that when set on he was sober.—*Harwichk Republic.*

MELANCHOLY CROWING.—The New York *Tribune* has a very melodiously view of the miseries ahead:—

By the first or middle of next December, we shall have at least one hundred thousand persons out of employment and nearly out of means, in this city. Already, our ship-yards are nearly idle, our foundries are but half working, and our great clothing stores are doing very little. Women have recently come hither from places three hundred miles away to seek of work from these stores, only to be turned off with none, and compelled to beg their way home again. Hardly, hardly 1877, has so gloomy a prospect for winter lowered upon the laboring classes in our city. As yet, the humbler classes have hardly felt the pressure; but their turn must come. Places have looked for servant girls for some time past; soon servant girls will seek earnestly for places, and be very glad to find them. Soup-houses for hungry la-

WIDOWS who can find no labor will be wanted before January.

WHO BEATS?—Mr. Robert Morse, of North Littleton, sent into our office last week a "California Potato" raised on his farm, weighing 29 ounces and measuring the largest way 11-1/2 inches.—*Journal.*

"Tom, tell me the biggest lie you ever told, and I'll give you a glass of stout." "A lie!" never told a lie in my life!" "Draw the out."

A RETURNED CALIFORNIAN.—Mr. Philip Clark, formerly of Iowa City, returned to that place a short time since, from California, after an absence of eight years. He left a wife, children, and a valuable farm, when he went to California. He finds, on his return, that his life is long since married, having first secured a divorce and a decree giving her the farm for her support. The farm has been sold and is now in other hands, and his former wife is in one other part of the country.

ATH AND EXERCISE.—A young man should walk in the open air six miles every day.—A young woman three or four. When still we

350 cubic inches of air in a minute. If we walk at the rate of one mile an hour, 800; at two miles and hour, 1000; three miles miles an hour, 1600; four miles an hour, 2300; trotting a horse, 1750; cantering, 1500.—*Dr. Kecklyffe Hall.*

☞ The Providence *Journal* says that another week has passed without a single sale of printed cloths in that market.

☞ Henry Dwight, who recently died at Geneva, N. Y., bequeathed \$100,000 to the American board of foreign missions.

☞ Some grandeur was suggested a few readings of Shakespeare, to suit the times. "—*Help me, Cashmere, or I sink!*"

☞ Failed.—The New York Independent announces the failure of 99 additional firms during the past week.

☞ The Woonsocket *Advertiser* says that many of the cotton and woollen manufacturers in that vicinity are curtailing operations to a degree that all must regret. It is none can help.